Oh *Richard!* *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why Vncle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not, I pleaſd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to ſeize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſht *Herford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his cuſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to day:
Be not thy ſelfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire ſequence, and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herfords* right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.
Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will enſue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King. Go Buſhie, to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Elye* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt, and alwaies loued vs well:

Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſe. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both, if Iuſtice had her right.
Roſſe. My heart is great, but it muſt breake with ſilence
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
North. Nay ſpeak thy mind, & let him nere ſpeak more
That ſpeakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.
Willough. Tend's that thou wouldſt ſpeake, to the D. o
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man, (Herford
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſe. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnleſſe you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
North. Now afore God t'is ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a Royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate againſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute
Againſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſe. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuiſd,
As Blancks, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.
North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Wille. Warres hath not Waſted it, for Warr'd he hath not
But baſely yeilded vpon compromiſe,
That which his Noble Anceſtors atchieud with blowes
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in Warres.
Roſſe. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the Realme in farme
Wil. The King's growne bankrout like a broken man,